

THE
PASTORAL LETTER
REBURN'T

BY A

POETICAL FLAMBEAU.

THY Pen so paints thy self, that justly we
View *Burnet* burning in Effigie;
The *Pastoral Letter* into Fire was doom'd,
Spiritual Witch-craft, as by most presum'd:
Doubtless 'tis, in fence of Hell, some merit,
Of *Pluto's* Hierarchy in Spirit.
Thou hast made Evil so refin'dly vile,
In thy Mother-tongue and *English* Stile,
Thou for greedy *Scotland* didst devise
Where *Presbytery* should leanly rise,
The Mitres had been melted down,
Increase the income of thy *William's* Crown:
For thy profit couldst that Text forego,
Thou do'st *Sarum's* Mag-pye Prelate show.
Sleeves of Lawn, the Badge of such a Wretch,
Yield, in time, a Relick for Jack-ketch.
It will be hard for thee, as many think,
To scape in Body, since thy Soul in Ink
Has been his Handiell, and most Men agree
That thy black inside in thy Lines they see.
Though impious *Roman* power had so prevail'd,
That *Tully's* hand was to the *Rostrum* nail'd;
Which held the admir'd Pen that gave to Fame
The Flow'r of Eloquence living in his Name.

Thou, by a different fate, wouldst Eyes delight;
If fix'd thy Wicked Hand, which did indite
Sermons and Pamphlets, to thy *Sarum* Chair,
That future Bishops might abhor thee there.

Had now *Pythagoras* liv'd, he would have said,
Hugh Peter's Soul had Transmigration made
Into thy Bulk, and not more damn'd could be,
Than as, in Spirit, he survives in thee.

From a Fanatick *Scot*, transform'd of late
To an immoral Pagan of our State;
Thou do'st as Antichristianly possess
Thy See, as *Tillotson* does his, some guess.
But thanks to Heaven, the House's prudent Vote
Does thee a Canting *Prelate* so denote,
That in thy condemned *Pastoral Letter's* fate,
Thee and thy mischiefs all must Abdicate.
Whilst like some Witch, when lost her former spell,
Thou griev'st for want of Magick to do ill:
And though in Soul of everlasting Evil,
Thou'lt now, do what thou canst, live less a Devil.

F I N I S.